

2

Bell's Edition.

A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A,
B Y
WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

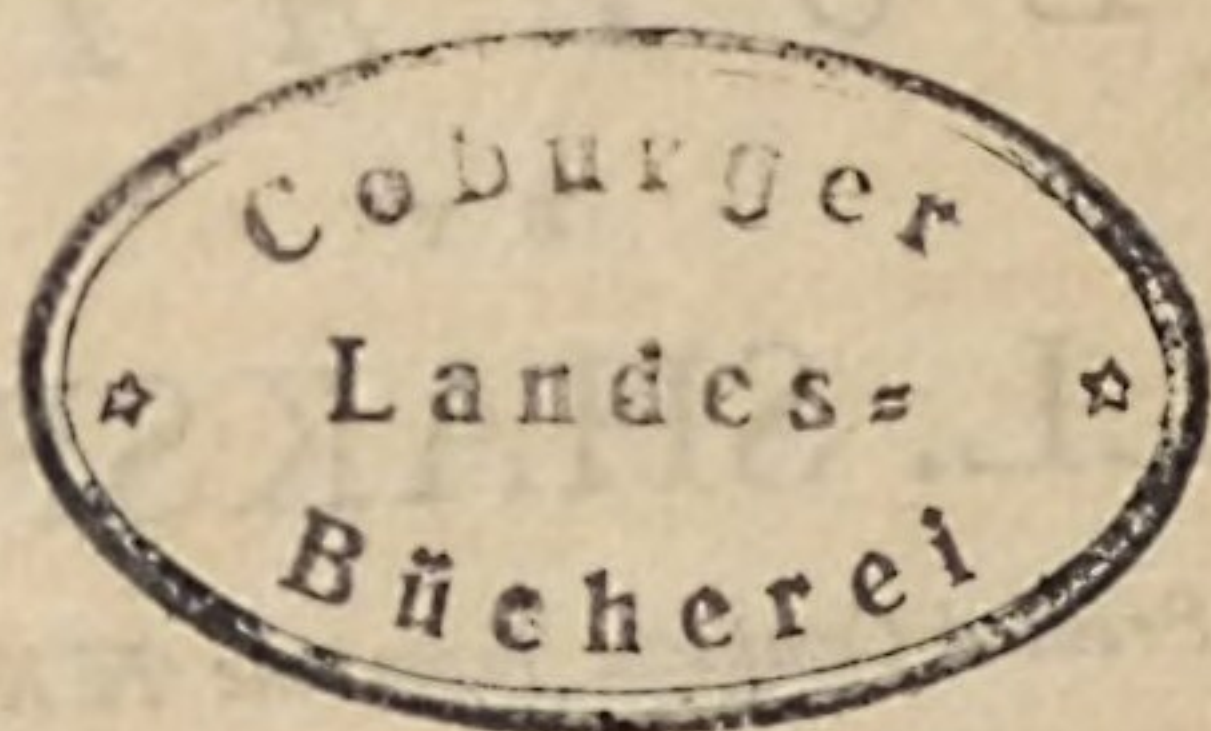
DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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M D C C L X X X V I.

36^L



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

AMONG the entries in the books of the Stationer's Company, October 19, 1593, I find "A Booke entituled the Tragedie of *Cleopatra.*" It is entered by Symon Waterson, for whom some of Daniel's works were printed; and therefore it is probably by that author, of whose *Cleopatra* there are several editions.

In the same volumes, May 2, 1608, Edward Blount entered "A Booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra.*" This is the first notice I have met with concerning any edition of this play more ancient than the folio, 1623. STEEVENS.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion, or care of disposition. JOHNSON

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

} *Triumvirs.*

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
CANIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS,
DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS
PHILO,

} *Friends of Antony.*

MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS,

} *Friends of Cæsar.*

MENAS,
MENECRATES,
VARRIUS,

} *Friends of Pompey.*

SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS,

MARDIAN,

SELEUCUS,

DIOMEDES,

A Soothsayer : A Clown.

} *Servants to Cleopatra.*

WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Ægypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

IRAS,

*Ambassadors from Antony to Cæsar, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*The SCENE is dispersed in several Parts of the Roman
Empire.*



A N T O N Y
A N D
C L E O P A T R A.

ACT I. SCENE I.

CLEOPATRA'S *Palace at Alexandria.* Enter DEMETRIUS, and PHILO.

Philo.

NAY, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypsy's lust.—Look, where they come! 10

B

Flourish.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold, and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

20

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?—
Both ?—

30

Call in the messengers.—As I am Ægypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine

Is

Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messen-
gers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide
arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,
[Embracing.

And such a twain can do't ; in which, I bind, 40
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of love, and his soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch 50
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen !

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !
No messenger, but thine ;—And all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;

Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us. 60

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO. with their Train.*]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?

Phil. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! 68
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Palace. Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS,
ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you prais'd so to the queen? O! that
I knew this husband, which, you say, must change
his horns with garlands. 73

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will.

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know
things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink. 81

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush! 90

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than lov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage! find me to marry with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress! 99

Sooth. You shall out-live the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no

B i i j

names :

names : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And foretel every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch. 110

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to
your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night,
shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing
else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth fa-
mine. 120

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee,
tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how ? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she ?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune
better than I, where would you choose it ? 130

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend ! Alexas,
—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech
thee ! And let her die too, and give him a worse !
and

and let worse follow worse, 'till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold ! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee !

140

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

150

Eno. Hush ! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord ?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here ?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas ?

160

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter

Enter ANTONY, *with a Messenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mes. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mes. Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar ;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

170

Mes. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus ;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mes. Labienus (this is stiff news)
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Asia,
From Euphrates his conquering banner shook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia ;

Whilst——

180

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say—

Mes. O my lord !

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while. 189

Mes. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 Att. The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Ægyptian fetters I must break,

Enter a second Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mes. *Fulvia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mes. In Sicyon :

199

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a Letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, 210

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

217

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

232

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blest withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead,

Eno.

Eno. Fulvia ! 240

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth ; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented : this grief is crown'd with consolation ; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat :—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow. 251

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you ; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose : I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone 260 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us ; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home : Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea : our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, 'Till his deserts are past) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities

Upon

Upon his son ; who, high in name and power, 270
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
 For the main soldier ; whose quality, going on,
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he ?

Char. I did not see him since. 280

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he
 does :—

I did not send you ;—If you find him sad,
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
 dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not ?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
 nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear. 292

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen——

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me. 300

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good
news.

What says the marry'd woman ?—You may go ;
'Would she had never given you leave to come !
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you ; her's you are.

Ant. The gods best know—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted. 310

Ant. Cleopatra—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,

Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going,

But bid farewell, and go : when you sh'd staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;— 320
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes ;
Bliss in our brow's bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou should'st
know,

There were a heart in Ægypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands 330
Our services a while ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to
strength,

Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ; 340
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,
And that which most with you should save my going,
Is

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
freedom,

It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She's dead, my queen :

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garboils she awak'd ; at the last, best :

See, when, and where she died.

350

Cleo. O most false love !

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know

The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,

As you shall give the advice : By the fire,

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,

Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,

As thou affect'st.

360

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—

But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well :

So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear ;

And give true evidence to his love, which stands

An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.

I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;

Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears

Belong to Egypt : Good now, play one scene

370

Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood : no more.

C i j

Cleo.

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword—

Cleo. And target—Still he mends ;
But this is not the best, Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

380

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part—but that's not it :
Sir, you and I have lov'd—but there's not it ;
That you know well : Something it is I would—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all-forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me ;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurell'd victory ! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

390

Ant. Let us go. Come ;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

400

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

*CÆSAR's Palace in Rome. Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptomely
More womanly than he: hardly give audience, or 410
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy; 421
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him

(As his composure must be rare indeed,

C i i j

Whom

Whom these things cannot blemish), yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness : If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness, 430
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't : but, to confound such time—
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mes. Thy biddings have been done ; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report 440
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;
And it appears, he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar : to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less :—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, 'till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream, 451
Goes to, and back, lacking the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mes.

Mes. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy: the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon 460
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle 470
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st: on the Alps,
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him. 480

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: Time is it, that we twain

Did

Did shew ourselves i' the field ; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council : Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
 I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
 Both what by sea and land I can be able,
 To 'front this present time.

Cæs. 'Till which encounter, 490
 It is my business too. Farewel.

Lep. Farewel, my lord : What you shall know
 mean time
 Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
 To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt it not, sir ; I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, CHAR-
 MIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Charmian—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha—Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,
 My Antony is away. 501

Char. You think of him too much

Cleo. O, 'tis treason !

Char.

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Ægypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam. 511

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony! 520
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of man.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey 530
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. POMPEY'S House. Enter POMPEY, MENE-
CRATES, and MENAS.

Pompey.

IF the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Men. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pomp. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, de-
cays

The thing we sue for.

Men. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good : so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

10

Pomp. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Ægypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

20

Pomp. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY, and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

80

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms, go
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir !

Dij

Cæs.

Cæs. Nay, then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not. 101

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Ægypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome 110
Might be to you in Ægypt: Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Ægypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you—you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it; 120
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with your's;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As

H

H

H

H

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself,
By laying defects of judgment to me; but 130
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is your's; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 140

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts 150
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell on me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow

Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with. 161

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it :—But on, Cæsar ;—
The article of my oath——

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ; 169
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Ægypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken. 179

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between you : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant,

instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot. 190

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar——

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa. 200

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts 210
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims

No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both, 220
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not 'till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and 230
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live 240
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep.

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought, 250
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he?

Cæs. About the mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land?

Cæs. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of. 260

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* Exeunt CÆS. ANT. and LEP.]

Mec. Welcome from Ægypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!— 270

Agr.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the publick street : 330

And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,

And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not :

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety : Other women cloy

The appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things

Become themselves in her ; that the holy priests 340

Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle

The heart of Antony, Octavia is

A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,

Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them ;*

Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will some-
times

Divide me from your bosom.

350

Octa.

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum. Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one Door, with Drum and Trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pomp. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth, 560
That else must perish here.

Pomp. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And 569
What

Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey. 630

Pomp. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,
Or last, your fine Ægyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pomp. I have fair meaning, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pomp. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so. 640

Pomp. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pomp. I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pomp. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, 650
I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pomp. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

All. Shew us the way, sir.

S O N G.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us 'till the world go round ;
Cup us 'till the world go round !*

Cæs. What would you more ? — Pompey, good
night. Good brother, 850
Let me request you off : our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pomp. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand. 859

Pomp. O, Antony, you have my father's house,
But what ? we are friends : Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—
Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums !—these trumpets, flutes ! what !—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out.

[*Sound a Flourish, with Drums.*

Eno.

SCENE IV.

ANTONY'S House at Athens. Enter ANTONY, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear: 190

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took it,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts: The good gods will mock
me presently 200

When I shall pray, O, *bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not your's, 209
G i i j Than

SCENE VII.

ANTONY's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not denounc'd against us? Why should
not we

Be there in person?

370

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

380

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it ;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done. Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY, and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea, 390
And take in Toryne ?—You have heard on't, sweet ?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea ! What else ?

Can. Why will my lord do so ?

Ant. For that he dares us to't. 400

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey : But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off ;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd :
Your mariners are muletteers, reapers, people
Ingrost by swift impress ; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought :
Their ships are yare ; your's, heavy : No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea, 411

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends, be gone :
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them 530
For fear and doating.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of lothness : take the hint
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by. 540

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do ! Why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no !

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye !

Char. Madam——

Iras. Madam ; O good empress !——

Eros.

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Dispatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*

And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : Women are not, 630
In their best fortunes, strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

*The Palace in Alexandria. Enter CLEOPATRA, ENO-
BARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus ? 640

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other ? why should he follow ?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship ; at such a point,

When

When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The meered question : 'Twas a shame no less 650
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is that his answer ?

Amb. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy,
So she will yield us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head, 660
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord ?

Ant. To him again ; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him ; from which, the world should
note

Something particular : his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's ; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar : I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart, 670
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone : I'll write it ; follow me.

[Exeunt ANTONY and Ambassador.]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the shew

Against

Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgment too. 681

Enter an Attendant.

Attend. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women! —
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer, 690
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is, Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

700

Thus

Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ; 810
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon 820
Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points ?

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven ingender hail,
And poison it in the source ; and the first stone 830
Drop in my neck : as it determines, so
Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
'Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Ægyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless ; 'till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey !

Ant. I am satisfy'd :

Cæsar

I'll make death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEO.*

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain 870
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria. Enter CÆSAR, reading a
Letter ; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, &c.*

Cæsar.

HE calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Ægypt : my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods ; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony : Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now

Make

SCENE V.

*Near Alexandria. Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY,
and EROS; a Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Eros. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier,
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Eros. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus, 160
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it; 170
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause;

SCENE IX.

CÆSAR's Camp. Enter a Centinel, and his Company.

ENOBARBUS follows.

Cent. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

1 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night !—

2 Sold. What man is this ?

1 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon! 290
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent !

Cent. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ; hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ; 300
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register

A master-

A master-leaver, and a fugitive:

O Antony! O Antony!

[Dies.

1 *Sold.* Let's speak to him.

Cent. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar. 310

2 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

Cent. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.

1 *Sold.* Go we to him.

2 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

1 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.—

[Drums afar off.

Hark, how the drums demurely wake the sleepers:

Let's bear him to the court of guard; he is

Of note: our hour is fully out. 320

2 *Sold.* Come on then;

He may recover yet.

[Exeunt, with the Body.

SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS,
with their Army.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot

Upon

My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together 350
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
 thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
 O sun! thy uprise shall I see no more:
 Fortune and Antony part here; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets 360
 On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
 O this false soul of Ægypt! this grave charm—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home:

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end—
 Like a right gipsey, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros! 368

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.—

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
 Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of

To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[To CLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die. [Exit PROCULEIUS.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.

You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam. 180

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was property'd 190
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above

Shakespeare, William, / Johnson, Samuel, / Steevens, George,

Antony And Cleopatra

London 1786

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